

Champ Clark's Letter.

A Word About Presidential Primaries—Roosevelt and Harriman—A Question of Veracity, An Ideal Republican.

(Special Washington Letter.)

RECENTLY I lectured in the historic little city of Freeport, Ill., rendered historic by the Lincoln-Douglas debate in 1858, when they were running for the United States senate so far as the public knew, but really running for both the senatorship and the presidency of the United States, for the chances are that from the time their beards were sprouted neither of those venerated men ever spent twenty-four hours consecutively without dreaming of the presidency with his eyes wide open. No matter what others thought, each of them believed he would reach the White House, and that matter was settled in the Freeport debate, which was the crucial performance in that historic canvass and in that series of historic debates. It was at Freeport that Lincoln propounded to Douglas the far-reaching question, "Can the people of a territory prior to admission as a state exclude slavery therefrom?" Lincoln's friends tried to dissuade him from propounding the question, but he persisted. He believed that if Douglas answered "No" it would make Lincoln senator, but if he answered "Yes" it would make Douglas senator, but beat him for the presidency. "The Little Giant" answered "Yes" and thereby won the senatorship and lost the presidency. That day's work made Lincoln president. The chances are that no one question and answer on the stump were ever productive of such far-reaching consequences. That Lincoln that day at Freeport deliberately threw away the splendid prize of the senatorship for the more splendid prize of the presidency is now believed by all intelligent persons. A large granite headstone marks the spot where those two mighty men tussled with each other, and it is well.

Hot Buckeyes.

When Senator Joseph Benton Foraker defied the world, the flesh and the devil by proposing a Republican Ohio primary for president and United States senator he probably never dreamed that his proposition would be snatched up greedily by the Taftites. But such is the truth of history. Hon. Charles P. Taft, brother to the secretary—also a Cincinnati editor and his brother's political manager—accepted the challenge very much in the spirit in which Macbeth said to Macduff:

Lay on, Macduff!
And damned be he who first cries: Hold!
Enough!

So it may be concluded that we are to witness the first presidential primary ever held in America. Perhaps the idea may prove contagious, so contagious in fact that both of the great parties will hold presidential primaries all over the United States. Let us hope that this will happen. Then there will be rushing to and fro and mounting in hot haste. Then the theory—so often proclaimed, but never practiced—that the presidency is an office too high and exalted to be either sought or declined will be exploded, which will at least be a good riddance of one preposterous humbug. Then the presidential candidates will crisscross the continent, showing themselves to the people and making known their views. Incidentally it will remove from the political arena another stupendous fraud—the presidential dark horse. Voters will no longer be buying pigs in pokes, but will be able to form some conception as to what manner of man they are voting for.

Of course everybody knows that certain nominees for the presidency have canvassed the country. My recollection is that Stephen A. Douglas in 1860 initiated that plan of campaign. Being a masterful personage on the stump, he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. All three of his competitors that year were celebrated stumpers—Abraham Lincoln, John Bell and John Cabell Breckinridge. Breckinridge was not only a popular orator of the first rank, but the handsomest man of his time. But while they might have made much headway on the stump, they did not follow the Douglas example to any considerable extent. The next presidential nominee to canvass the country was Horace Greeley, who delivered a series of wonderful short speeches. Since his day presidential nominees have, as a rule, not deemed it beneath their dignity to make stump speeches to further their own interests, some over the country generally, others from their front porches. It goes without saying that William Jennings Bryan set the high water mark for that species of campaigning in 1896 and 1900.

Notwithstanding all this, however, it has never yet come to pass that candidates for presidential nominations have openly stumped the country in their own behalf. They have done so in several ways—at banquets, church conventions, county fairs, etc. If the Foraker-Taft primary is pulled off, we will have an honest showdown for presidential nominations in the face of the public.

Unfortunate.

It is unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the president of the United States becomes involved in so many questions of veracity. King David once exclaimed in his wrath, "All men are liars." Colonel Roosevelt got not so far as the sweet singer of Israel, but he goes far enough in that direction to cause his friends to wish that

he would cease to bandy words and pass the lie so readily. Judge Alton B. Parker, Joseph Pulitzer, Henry M. Whitney, ex-Senator Chandler, the Storers, ex-Senator Burton and E. H. Harriman are the most conspicuous personages to become involved in questions of veracity with him. The most unfortunate feature of the case is that nobody has an equal footing with him in this matter. There is an old fashioned way of settling questions of veracity which cannot well be used where the president of the United States is a party to the wrangle. Harriman is the last one to be put into the Annals class, and few will sympathize with him. He has come to the parting of the ways, so it seems, with the distinguished occupant of the White House, though he was a delegate to the national convention which nominated Roosevelt, and as Roosevelt was nominated unanimously it follows that Harriman voted for him, and notwithstanding this voters quarrel between these two eminent Republicans is no two to one that Harriman will not be a delegate to the next national Republican convention and vote for Roosevelt therein.

It frequently happens in this world that men remember a conversation differently, and every difference in recollection by no manner of means signifies that the one or the other is deliberately lying. The president uttered one sentence in reply to Harriman which will go far in the public mind to obscure the issue of veracity, and that was when he declared that he was happy in being attacked in one week by both Burton and Harriman. So mild a statesman as Uncle Shelby M. Cullom, who looks like Lincoln, has expressed a desire to see Harriman in the penitentiary, proof positive that the latter is not at this particular juncture a popular idol. Otherwise your Uncle Shelby would not venture upon the use of such language, for he likes, admires and cultivates popular men.

One fact stands out clear as crystal, however, in the Harriman case, and that is that Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman, chairman of the Republican congressional campaign committee, did apply to Harriman for a contribution to his war chest in the campaign of 1906, and while it doth not appear from the evidence thus far submitted whether Harriman came down with the dust, the chances are ten to one that he did. But, whether he did or did not, it does not admit of doubt that Sherman also applied to others like unto Harriman, and no sane man will believe that James went away from such applications empty handed. Therefore it must be concluded that all this Republican hollabaloo about restraining and destroying the trusts is the veriest tommyrot, as has been suspected all along.

The wisest one in the lot appears to be Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-secretary of the interior, now treasurer of the Republican national committee. He is certainly close mouthed and believes in the old saw, "The least said is the soonest mended." He says nothing. Charged in the public press with receiving stolen insurance money, he was dumb. Asked as to the Harriman letter, he is dumb. One thing cocksure—others may babble, but Cornelius will not turn state's evidence. If he would tell what he knows of Republican corruption it would make a large and interesting volume. What he will tell would not make a "stick."

Punctures a Bladder.

Recently the Chicago Examiner punctured a protection bladder in the following vigorous editorial:

"Friends of the tariff have begun to circulate among the newspapers of the country misleading figures representing that the exports of manufactures from America now exceed \$700,000,000 per annum."

This beguiling fallacy could be passed by an inveterate ministering to American pride were it not that, unchallenged, it serves to justify the unnecessary tax which the tariff imposes upon the people. The official record of the exports of American manufactures "ready for consumption" for the calendar year 1906 shows a value of \$490,023,330. That sum was only 23.1 per cent of the total value of outgoing shipments. The figures which the high tariff advocates are distributing set forth that manufactures formed 46 per cent of our total exports last year.

Our exports are divided officially into the following classes: "Crude foodstuffs and food animals," "Foodstuffs partly or wholly prepared," "Crude materials for use in manufacturing," "Manufactures for further use in manufacturing" and "Manufactures ready for consumption." By statistical ingenuity figures from one of these columns are frequently lifted into another to support some special argument. The plain official fact is that the crude materials form 23.1 per cent, crude foodstuffs 10 per cent and manufactures needed abroad for further use in factories 11.91 per cent, making a total of 45.01 per cent of our total exports indispensable to the industrial process of foreign nations.

These countries, already eclipsing America in the contest for our goods and markets, are in absolute need of the raw or semi-manufactured commodities, the exportation of which from this country is used as a basis of taxation by the defenders of our high tariff.

While these disingenuous pamphlets are going into print throughout the United States, striving to make the people exit over triumphs we have failed to win abroad and, what is more serious, attacking the popular protest, which it thus would inevitably lead to means of tariff revision, the telltale records of world trade reveal American failure in many fields where we should be supreme. Asia today has an import trade value at least \$1,000,000,000. According to the latest statistics available for international comparison, America controlled but a paltry share of that. America has not even secured the commerce of our

own colonial islands in the far east. The greater part of their trade is with Europe. Our trade with South America is advancing, but our total exports to the southern continent in 1906 were valued at less than \$75,000,000. Argentina alone buys from the world more than \$200,000,000 worth.

It is a mistaken patriotism to torture the statistics of our export trade in gratifying totals, for all propaganda along that line delays the tariff legislation that would be in the interest of the masses. The immensity in the circulation of the joyous account of manufactures exported in 1906 is apparent if we compare the present pamphlet with a similar one issued by the same protected interests in January. It was given out then that America had a right to rejoice because we were importing manufacturers' materials. In the present instance, by adding the value of such materials exported to that of actual manufactures, the total is swelled to the misleading figure of \$700,000,000.

Lining Up.

Recently my lecture tour took me in to and through Illinois and Iowa. Everywhere I found Democrats in a cheerful frame of mind, lining up and burning their arms for the great battle of 1907. They are plucking up courage from the factional fights inside the Republican party—such factional fights as those between Roosevelt and Foraker and Roosevelt and Harriman, for let it not be forgotten that Harriman is just as much of a Republican as Roosevelt, was a delegate to the national convention, is cheek and jowl with ex-Governor Benjamin B. Odell and aspired to Chamney Mitchell Dewey's seat in the senate of the United States. So, whatever else may be said about Harriman pro and con, it cannot be denied that he is an orthodox Republican—as orthodox as Roosevelt himself. In fact, a great many Republican big wigs if called on to pass upon the relative Republican orthodoxy of Roosevelt and Harriman would not hesitate to pin the blue ribbon on to Harriman. Why, bless you, a man who contributes \$100,000 cash earned in the sweat of other people's faces, to the Republican campaign fund is not only an orthodox Republican—he is the ideal Republican. There are a big lot of eminent Republicans who would rather have Harriman for president than to have four years more of Roosevelt or four years of any of Roosevelt's understudies. The question is being asked in view of these Republican feuds, "Will the Republicans have two presidential nominees in 1908 or only one?" If Harriman should be nominated for president by the Republicans, what a campaign fund they would have! It really beggars the imagination. The very thought of it must make the mouths of Harry S. New, national Republican chairman, and of James S. Sherman, chairman of the Republican congressional campaign committee, water.

The Race Question.

Mirabile dictu! The race question has come to a head in the treasury department at Washington right under the august noses of Hon. George Bruce Cortelyou, secretary, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States and wielder in chief of the big stick. The ruction came about in the most natural way imaginable. A supervising architect named a draftsman and made a requisition on the civil service commission. They sent him a negro who had passed the required examination. As soon as he appeared at the treasury department the white draftsman kicked and demanded that the colored man be removed. This not being done, three of the white ones resigned, and others are threatening to do likewise. The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string. When a federal official resigns a good fat job on account of racial prejudice the race problem may be said to have become acute, decidedly so.

A Suggestion.

Advice is perhaps the cheapest commodity and the most bountiful known among men. Nobody commissioned me to act as adviser to the magazine editors, but nevertheless I feel it to be my duty to a long suffering public to advise, beg and beseech the aforesaid magazine editors to hold a convention and to decide upon some one particular page on which to print the table of contents. Life is too short and time is too valuable for one to be compelled to rummage through forty or fifty pages of advertisements to find the index every time one desires to read an article in a magazine. Of course I make this suggestion with fear and trembling, but make it nevertheless in the hope of reducing profanity to the minimum.

It is said that the Russian duma is to be dissolved again in a short time. The Muscovites are finding the way to liberty, like Jordan, a hard road to travel, but they need not be discouraged, for that has been the experience of all peoples who have achieved any considerable measure of freedom. If all the skulls of the men and women who have died violent deaths that we might be free were gathered together it would make a pyramid larger than that famous one erected by Tamerlane. The Russians will be free. That's as certain as that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Freedmen everywhere wish them a hearty godspeed in their laudable undertaking.

Does it hurt a man's feelings to be indicted eighty-five times any more than to be indicted once? Hon. Albin K. San Francisco could if he would give some valuable information on that point, but the chances are that he will do nothing of the kind. If he is guilty on all these indictments his prospects of dying of old age in the penitentiary are very bright.

Champ Clark

BOWSER WANTS FARM

Figures He Can Make Money Raising New Kind of Berry.

WIFE SHATTERS HIS DREAM.

Presents Facts and Figures to Show That It Would Be a Money Losing Scheme—He is Sad at Heart at Outcome.

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"Now, then," said Mr. Bowser when dinner had been finished the other evening, "I want to have a square business talk with you. We have arrived at a crisis, and I want you to help me meet it."

Mrs. Bowser had seen from the moment he entered the house that he had something on his mind, but had been content to wait until he was ready to broach it.

"Well, what is it?" she asked. "You must know that we are not rich and able to live on the interest of our money when I have to retire from business."

"Yes," "And that there is not much show for a man who is plodding along."

"Well, the trouble with me has been that I have worked in the same old groove and have been afraid to take chances in any new line, or, rather,



"ONE HUNDRED ACRES IS ABOUT \$3,000."

you have always stood ready to discourage me, and I have taken your advice. I could have made a big thing out of my judgment, as most men do."

"In starting a chicken farm?" she queried, with a smile.

"Why Chicken Plan Failed. "Now, don't begin to grin and be sarcastic. I figured out that I could make ten thousand a year raising chickens for market and figured that I would lose two thousand. I am sure that I could have carried it through, but you raised such a row that I let it go. This is a different thing. I've got facts and figures to beat all the argument you can bring to bear, and I hereby announce to you that this house and lot are for sale and that I hope to have a place in the country within two months."

"Yes," queried Mrs. Bowser. "Well, let us hear all about it."

"You shall, but let me warn you that upon the first appearance of sarcasm I shut right up and say no more. Did you ever hear of the Persian Double-Prolific strawberry?"

"Never."

"Well, here is a pamphlet telling all about it. The plant grows from two to three times as many berries as the American plant. The berries are twice as large, three times as sweet and sell for 3 cents more a quart. They are just being introduced into this country. The agent was in the office today. I turned him down at first, but when I came to figure with him I was astonished. I took back all I had said. Mrs. Bowser, look at me."

"I am looking."

"Money to Be Made. "There's more clear money to be made in Persian Double-Prolific strawberries than in a copper mine. You smile, but it won't take me ten minutes to convince you. Here we have it: Five hundred plants will cover an acre of ground. They spread just twice as much as the American plant. An acre of American strawberry plants will produce 400 quarts of strawberries. At 6 cents per quart that is \$24. If it is a good season, they will run to \$20 an acre. One hundred acres is about \$3,000. It is the easiest kind of work—more like play than work—and you get your cash on the nail. Plant 100 acres of the Persian Double-Prolifics, and what do you get? From \$5,000 to \$6,000 off the same ground. The increased price you get makes you reasonably sure of \$6,000. One is out doors in the fresh air all the time, and one summer alone would do my back \$10,000 worth of good."

"Have you anything the matter with your back?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "Have I anything the matter with my back? Great Scott, woman, have I not been complaining of lumbago and rheumatism for the last five years? Anything the matter with my back? What else you?"

"Things to Be Considered. "I don't remember to have heard you say anything, but let that go, and we will talk about the Double-Prolifics. You figure on a hundred acres, do you?"

"Not a rod less."

"And you want to be near a market?"

"Of course,"

"Well, have you figured on the cost of the land?"

"I shall exchange our house and lot for a farm, of course."

"We'll figure, then, that you have exchanged even up. None of the live stock or farming implements go in with a farm. We must have a cow, a team of horses, a wagon, plow, drag and other things. Then we must have a hired man. You can figure on paying out \$500 to begin with."

"There you go—trying to discourage me right on the start!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rose up and began walking around.

"But how can you get along without these things? You are to put 100 acres into strawberries. Do you know how much work it is to prepare the land?"

Mr. Bowser stopped and looked at her blankly.

"First, what is the cost of the plants? It is given in the pamphlet here at \$5 a hundred. That's \$25 an acre or \$2,500 for your hundred acres. Had you figured on that?"

Mr. Bowser began to turn pale, and the cat left the hearth rug and crawled under the piano.

"Would Be Big Expense. "And now about breaking up the land. There are 100 acres to plow, drag and enrich and lay off in beds. The ground has got to be carefully prepared. Have you figured on the cost of this?"

"Woman, what do you mean by such talk?" demanded Mr. Bowser in stern tones.

"Why, this is a business talk, and I am talking business. You can't expect your Persian Double-Prolifics are going to yield anything if you stack them away in the barn. They have got to be set out in rich and carefully prepared grounds. Let me see. To prepare those 100 acres will take two men and two teams at least a month. To set out the plants will take two men from two to three weeks. It says here that you must fertilize every plant. How many bags of that it will take no one can say. If it comes on dry weather, the plants must get watered in some way, or you will lose them. Have you thought of that?"

Mr. Bowser sat down, flushing red and white, and set his jaw and glared at her.

"Well, your hundred acres of strawberries get along to the period when the berries begin to ripen. What about the pickers? You must have at least fifty women and children ready. They will have to be paid from 2 to 3 cents a quart. Strawberries must go to market in boxes. How many boxes, and what is the cost? You must send them to the depot and pay freight. They must go to a commission house, and have you figured on that commission? If the supply is light, you may get 10 cents a quart. If the market is glutted, you may get 5. Now, take your pencil, and we will get it all down to dollars and cents."

"We will do nothing of the kind," replied Mr. Bowser.

Figured Only on One Side.

"But you want to know just where you are going to stand, don't you? You see, you had figured only on the one side. The agent?"

"Never mind the agent, madam."

"But if you propose exchanging our house and lot?"

"Never mind the house and lot."

"But you said you wanted a business talk with me, and I am trying—"

"Never mind the business talk."

Mr. Bowser looked at her for a moment and then rose up and passed down the hall and put on overcoat and hat and banged the front door after him. It was dark, and it was cold, and the wind whistled as if the spirits of dead and gone murderers were spooking around. Three blocks down was a small park, and a single bench had been left for persons to sit on and shiver and ponder and think. He sat down and humped up his back and thought of the Persian Double-Prolifics, the hundred acres, Mrs. Bowser and the cat, and he moved not until Mrs. Bowser was in bed and asleep and a policeman came that way and punched him with the end of his club and said: "Now, then, old man, you get a move on you and get home or I'll give you a lively trot to the station house!"

M. QUAD.

After the Honeymoon.

Mother—Why are you weeping, my dear?

Daughter—Boohoo! George sent me a peck of kisses in his letter.

Mother—Then I don't see any cause for tears.

Daughter—Yes, he used to send a bushel, and now I believe that even the peck is short weight.—Chicago News.

His Reform Measure.

"Money, my son," remarked the good old deacon, "is the root of all evil."

"I believe it, dad," rejoined the wayward youth, "and I'm doing my best to tear up evil by the roots."—Baltimore American.

Asked.

"Twas May and the wild apple blossoms were flooding the air with perfume. 'Twas May and the Goddess of Spring-time was decking her tresses with bloom. We followed the trail of the woodsman By river and hill and ravine; We stood where the crest of the monarch Cast brook-ward its shade to the shen.

We plucked from the wild apple branches An armful of blossoms and green. And there in the shade of an elder I fashioned a crown for my sweetheart. Ah! fairer than all was my lady—And, sweetheart, that lady was you!

Your hair then was brown as the autumn. Your eyes were as pure as the morn; Your cheeks were out-blushing the blush alone. And taunting their richness to scorn.

Sergeant Major—Now, then, young feller, what blithering idiot told you to spread all this litter in front of the officers' quarters, eh?

Stolid Private—The colonel.

Sergeant Major—An' who might you be, may I ask, to call the colonel a blithering idiot?—Cassell's Journal.

BLUE DENIMED LAD

By Byron Williams.



"Blue denimed lad, with a busted toe, Why do you smile at this old world so? Little brown boy, with a sun-burned nose, Out at the crown where your cowlack blows— Raggedy lad, with a coat of tan, What makes you happy? Come, little man!"

"Is it the brook with its babbling flow, Brook that has bass in its undertow? Is it your boat, or your dog or kite? Is it the pond lilies floating white? Is it the strawberries on the hill? Is it the swimming pool by the mill?"

"Ah, ragged lad, with a busted toe, Tell me your secret—I long to know. Tell me your secret that I may quaff

"Is it the wood with its creatures queer? Is it the sky that is blue and clear? Is it, Oh, blue denimed lad, the bee Leading away on an ether sea? Is it, my boy, just that soulful lad Throbbing within you that makes you glad?"

"Ah, ragged lad, with a busted toe, Tell me your secret—I long to know. Tell me your secret that I may quaff

Deep at the fount that has made you laugh! Show me the spring of your guileless joy; Let me again be the barefoot boy!"

Blue denimed lad, with the busted toe, Pondered a moment—I ought to know. "Tige's got a chipmunk high up a tree! Puss has got kittens! Would you come see?"

I got to school, but they ain't none now— Jimmie and me is a bringin' th' cow!"

Mere bagatelles in the worldly plan, Fate has in store for the life of man! "Ain't you quite happy?" he liped. "That's bad!"

"If you were younger you might be glad!"

Little old man with a longing heart, Once in a life comes the boyish part! Once in a span comes the boyish tan And the busted toe of the little man! Only the cheer of the after glow Clings to the man in Life's ebb and flow!

GRANDFATHER'S SWEETHEART

By Byron Williams.



Your hair now is white as the flly. The years have left lines in your brow. But, sweetheart, our love then was bubble Compared to the love that is now!

By all the long trails we have traveled, Some sun-lit and others of gloom, But always you've been the same sweet-heart!

I crowned with the wild-apple bloom! Your eyes are as pure as in girlhood. Your kiss is as sweet to my lips! You are queen of the wild-apple blossoms.

You are queen to your pink finger tips! For years cannot take from your beauty The fragrance God put in your heart. The truth and unselfish devotion That measures the true woman's part!

Thy away in the realm of my life, No queen could more flatter her lover Than thou hast, my sweetheart, my wife!